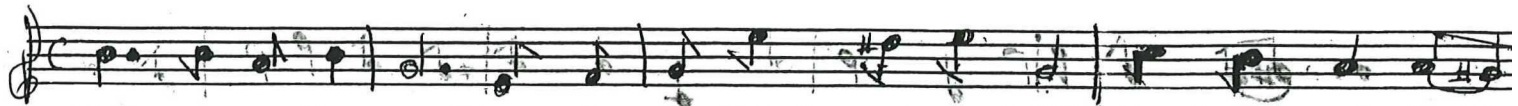


*Adm* Give An Honest Irish Lad a Chance,



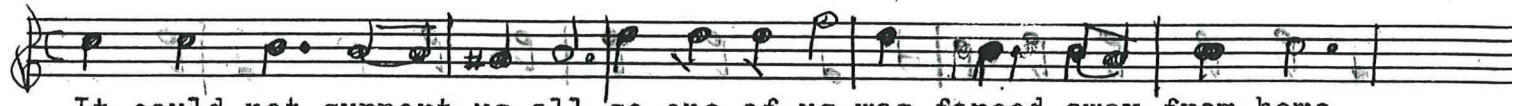
My name is McNamara, and I come from County Clare, In that darling little,



Isle across the sea, Where the mountain's and the hills, the Lakes and rippling



rills, are singing sweetest music all the day, Oh our little farm was small



It could not support us all, so one of us was forced away from home.



I bade them all goodbye, with a teardrop in my eye, and sailed for Castle-



garden, all alone, CHORAS, I'm an honest Irish Lad, of work I'm not afraid



If it's pleasure to you I will sing or dance, I'll do anything you say, if you



will only name the day, and give an honest Irish Lad, a chance,

When I landed in New York, I tried hard to get work, And I traveled thru the streets from day to day.

I went from place to place, with starvation in my face,  
But in every place they'd want no help they'd say,  
But still I wandered on, a-hoping to find one, That would give a lad a chance  
To earn his bread, But then it's all the same, for I know I'm not to blame,  
And oftimes I have wished, that I were dead. CHORAS.

But I know I've one kind friend, who a helping hand will lend,  
To a peer boy, and to help him on at home, I will bring my mother here,  
And my little sister dear, and never more again from them I'll roam,  
I will try to do what's right, I will work both day and night,  
Yes I'll always do the very best I can, And God will bless the heart.  
That will take a peer boy's part, and make an honest Irish lad, a man.,  
CHORAS..

*mw.*

*11/3*  
*165* ✓